

PS 3545

.H625 F5

1923

Copy 2

FT MEADE
GenColl

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00003266369







The Flower of Stars

ANNOUNCEMENT

To be published:

January 28th, 1923

"The Flower of Stars"

March 25th

"In God's Garden"

May 25th

"The Bride's Girdle"



Later

"The Booke of the Words"

"The New Little Boy"

"The Road of the Winds"

"The Mirror of Hell"



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

Price \$1.50 each

P. O. Box 3008: U St. Station
Washington, D. C.

FEB 17 1923 ✓

The Flower of Stars

—by—

Opal Whiteley



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, JANUARY, 1923

P. O. Box 3008: U St. Station

Washington, D. C.

Copy 2.

PS 3545
.H 625 F5
1923
Copy 2.

Copyright 1923 ✓
By Katherine Sullivan
Entered at Stationer's Hall
All Rights Reserved
including that of translation into other languages
including the French.

FEB 17 1923 ✓

Mc Service, Printers
Washington, D. C.

© C1 A 696593 R

Contents

	Page
The Flowers' Holding.....	9
Beauty Attends	10
The Little Room.....	10
All Things Live.....	11
Night's Rosary	12
Children of Thought.....	13
Words Woman Holds in Her Heart.....	15
She Is Dead.....	16
The End of a Sapphire Day.....	17
The Little Crooked Gray Boulder.....	18
The Weary Hope.....	19
The Clan of the Lichens.....	19
Beauty	20
As Others Are.....	20
Where Freedom?	21
Night and the Little Failures.....	24
The Little Comet.....	25
Brother Gray Owl.....	27
The Words	31
Dumb Words	32
Trees Reverent	33
Beauty and Man's Scarlet Desire.....	33

Saint Claire's Violet Hood and the Swallows.....	35
Know Joy	36
The Great Ones and the Little Ones With For-Get-	
Nots' Brother	37
Last Night	40
The New Little Boy.....	41
A recording of how Heaven comes	
To Meet the Children who die—	
A day in God's Garden with one of them.	
The Prayer Wind	56
The Cantata of the Stars.....	57
God's Beauty Enthroned.....	64
The Mirror of Hell.....	65
Epilogue	91
Even Now	93
Memory's Blue Flower	95

The Flower of Stars

There be Stars in the sky
And Stars in the heart of man
And Stars in the soul of a child
And Stars in the eyes of woman

This be a little booke
Of a flowering of these Stars
That are lamps to man's way

The Flower of Stars

A Little Offering

To God

Because

He Made the World So Beautiful

and

To Father and Mother

Because

They Showed the Way

THE FLOWER'S HOLDING

God gives the flowers
Something to hold every day.
Some days, it's the tears of mothers.
Sometimes, it's the years that men call failures.

Sometimes, it's the fragrance of lost words.
Sometimes, it is part of the symphony
God lets it come to tune
In the heart of little flowers.

Sometimes, it's the dreams
For sleepy children's eyes.
God knows the flowers
Will make them heaven-wise.

Sometimes, it's just a song of blue.
Sometimes, it's just a thought of you.

BEAUTY ATTENDS

Beauty attends
The birthing of Man,
And she attends his death.
The white altar fires
Of her high hopes
Are then a little dimmed.
Sometimes, they are almost gone out.

THE LITTLE ROOM

In Man's heart is a little room.
He has named it
Oblivion

And things are ranged along its wall
That he does not wish
To think about.
Every time that he pushes something in
there
He closes the door very tightly.

But in hours when he is weary,
In the hours that walk around some mid-
nights
When high fires have burned
To a low flicker
Then the little door swings on its hinges.
And no thing
Will make it stay closed
All of the time.

When he is near death
All the Velvet-footed Wanderers in there
Join the throng around his bed,
"We will not die," they whisper
To one another.

While Beauty waits with drawn lips,
And dry eyes.
But, there is heard
The patter of a little sad rain
In her heart's garden
Where some little flower buds
That were once thinking of the sun
Will never open
Because man keeps a little room
Of oblivion in his soul.

ALL THINGS LIVE

All Things live;
The innermost thoughts
Of a Man's soul
Walk the highway
Of the Universe,
And are seen
By all the pilgrims,
Who have gone before.

NIGHT'S ROSARY

Night walks a pilgrim
Along the pathway of the stars.
Her fine ears filled
With the murmurings
Of man's little sorrows.

She wears a white rose in her girdle.

On sapphires is strung
Her rosary, without its cross.

Its beads are
The anguishes of men
And the emptiness of woman's hope.

She tells them, hour by hour,
Until they are become
Emeralds at dawn,
Glimmering with faith
As a field in the new spring.

The anguishes are become
A cross of pearl,
So Night folds her rosary
In the morning.

CHILDREN OF THOUGHT

The Morning Winds caress with their hands the flowers come to bud in the garden of the blue desert. They talk in low starry tones until the flowers open and they behold the little children sleeping there.

- These are children born of the thoughts of man and they are clothed with his faith. It so happens that some have no robing but the petals of the flower that encloses them. This has become so because some men have no faith in their thoughts.

In appeal for their gowning Morning explained to Dawn on the Desert, "These are the Children of Thought. They help to make the joy songs of the world."

"I will clothe them," said Faith, "with the silk of children's laughter."

"And I will make for them little velvet gowns of the memories of maidens on their wedding days," said Recollection.

"I will give them rose-petal handkerchiefs to put in their pockets," promised the Mother of All the Roses.

"I will give them little bags of the fragrance of Hope," said the Baby Brother of

all the For-get-me-nots, who goes to the sky every day to bring back blue for their petals.

“We will give them prayer books from our petals,” said the stately Lilies who knew all God’s thoughts and how man’s soul was brother to the star.

This was the day of their gowning—the little Children of Thought.

The Passing of Days saw them playing with the sands of the blue desert, making joy songs of little grains of sand that are the sufferings in a man’s life through the days of his long pilgrimage.

WORDS WOMAN HOLDS IN HER HEART.

What are the words
Woman holds in her heart?
Wings of the dawning
And feet of the night,
Mantle of the morning,
Girdle of the twilight.

A white flute and a blue star.
An old way of thinking.
And the song
Of a brook that has come
A long ways from the hills.

The rose of a child's garden.
The boat of a child's soul.
The shore of man's rest.

SHE IS DEAD

"She is dead," they said
And they gathered up the things
Of her days.

Life's little spindle,
Her gentle ways,
The comforting words
That were left a wall
About their fears
To keep them from climbing
Into future years.

The hopes of her pleasing,
Her little vigil hours,
The chest of her maiden dreams,
The flowers of a gladder faith,
The lavender of old tears.

The linen of her fingers weaving
The garments for her children's souls
From words writ in the Holy booke.
And the memory
Or strong caressing hands
That they had always found
Understanding.

Afterwards, in one old chest
In the room she had slept in,
They found the gentle joys
Of her waiting years—
The petals of the hopes,
At her children's birthing.

THE END OF A SAPPHIRE DAY.

At the long ending
Of a sapphire day
The fields were silvered
With slipping light
While Time was washing
The net of Day
In a turquoise sea
Under a little new moon.

There was a woven water glimmering
Where the net was tired
And Twilight had drawn
Threads for its remaking
From the aureoled opalescence
Of the strong heart of man.

God, going for His evening walk, saw
And caught in His hand
The light that passeth on.

For the net was a gleam
With the sheen
Of the ropes of pearl
Woven of the strands
Of the Sorrow of Sorrows—
 Woman's travail.

THE LITTLE CROOKED GRAY BOULDER

The Little Crooked Gray Boulder dwelt in God's Garden. He had no remembering of who brought him there. But the White Swallow knew that he came from an old country where all the fires were gone out.

One time God burned up man's desire and an old world died.

The Little Crooked Gray Boulder had a dim remembering, but mostly he loved the sky so forgetting came to him of his early home. Only his heart sang a deep quiet joy and thumped a great deal. That was because all the molecules of his being were the little joys God had gathered up in that old world. The gathering was before its death-ing.

After that there was no more gathering for the old world became a breath on the passing wind and went the pathway of other old worlds. They are become an unseen river in the sky. Sometimes man feels the current of this river when he is near death. It sings an old song, for it has known the end.

THE WEARY HOPE

The harp of stars sings
On the rim of the world
While its brethren stars
Through space are hurled.
The sea is restless,
The shore cliffs high,
And as man's thought passes by,
It is played into a song
By this harp of stars.
So the weary hopes of old mothers
Pass into the years, a symphony;
Allegro in the soul of man,
Andante in the eyes of woman,
Con moto in the web of time.

THE CLAN OF THE LICHENS

We will be gray
For the dumbness of old things,
And we will be
Without form that can be measured
As are old longings.
And we will be like petals
As are new yearnings.
And we will be
Gray with a little green
As are old hopes
That live on with a fore-seeing
And a dream.

And we will cling
That no wind may part us
As old friends.

We will be a symbol
Of things grown old
And the beauty that yet is
When youth glory sleeps.

BEAUTY

Beauty is a thing not held with hands;
A plant in the heart of man,
The garden of children's laughter,
A quiet pool in the eyes of woman.
The calling that leads man far,
A whispering on the wind,
A flute under the white star,
The high urge of man's desire,
The white flame in the red fire.

AS OTHERS ARE

If we must be as others are,
Let us take the beauty of others' lives
As the star of the hour.

Let us make a little nose-gay
Of the buds of their joys,
With the fragrance of their sorrows
And the understanding of their hearts.

WHERE FREEDOM?

When most bound, most free
In one's heart, and a garden.
Free on the hills
And a city within four walls.
A kingdom in a room,
A song on the wind.
The listening heart
That finds a part
In all earth's musings.

A little time, a little day,
A weary way
And a long road.

Where Freedom?

It whirls with the snow
In the winds on the mountain top,
It beats in the heart of earth,
Flashes in the lightning
And battles in the thunder.

Out in the fields,
There's a breath of Freedom
On the winds,
There's her touch
In the rustle of the leaves.
And on high seas
There's a vanishing footprint.
In the running wave.
But these are not the essences.

When other things we would be doing
And toil falls to our lot
Then Freedom comes to us.
At such a time she carries
No star in her sceptre or crown;
But there is
A comforting rustle in her gown,
As she walks round us
And comes to sitting down.

She comes
From where nightly yonder stars
Dream our dreams for us.
She comes—to the heart of man.
From the field without to the field within
She brings the thought fragrance

Of other world and distant star flowers
To begin the incense fires
In the long hall of the mind—
Where come to march the wakeful glories
Of ancient sleeping years.

She marches there another valiant host.
She counts their energetic footsteps
To the ticking of the Future's minutes.
She marshals them on into the soul
A joyous crowd,
Where listening, they wait their calling.

Her voice is low.
To quickening faith her challenge thrills
While Holy light the Soul's cathedral fills.
And all its dim aisles know
The footfall of the radiant quietness.

And they, her marshalled forces,
They of the tall brotherhood,
They of the glowing wills,
In answering
Sing out their anthems high that rise
Like incense mist around the gothic arches,
Until the bells of the sleeping years,
Through the vaulted silences,
Ring back in answering;
And thus their chorus loud in unison
Removes the soul's shroud
And overpowers
The empty hours
With living song

“FREEDOM IS WORK.”

NIGHT AND THE LITTLE FAILURES

Night took up the web of life
And wove a star thereon
Of amethyst and silver glimmering.

From her rosary she drew a pearl
And gave its holding to this star
Lest coldness come to her heart
With forgetting of sorrow's old tears
In the midst of unfolding years.

Also, Night took from her girdle, a rose
And caught in its petals the hour glimmer-
ing
That this star might be a flower
To shed its fragrance on earth fields.

So wove she into beauty
The little failures of man,
But his successes
She cast to earth again.

THE LITTLE COMET

A Tale for Children and Taller Ones

There is a little comet
That whirls around the world.
Sometimes,
He is seen nearing earth
At the graylight hour of seven.
But, mostly, he is seen
Dancing and prancing up and down
The high hall of heaven.

He goeth quickly,
Yet may be always with us.

He sparkles a song
That is like a ribbon
With a jingle ball on it.

Have you heard him sing?

“I’m tired of being just a comet—
I’d like to find a home.
I can be in a lot of places
At one time,
Only people don’t know it.

“My tail can be very big with light
And I’d like to go to bed at night.”

“I’m so weary and lonely
Most people think me
A comet only,

I do not want to roam
I wish I had a home
Where
I could spread my tail our right
And make all the house light
And the children’s eyes bright.

I have had no home for many years,
I had to go out
From the Garden of Eden
When Adam and Eve went.

If you want me, call me,
I am called ‘Content’

I’ll come with patter light
At latter light,
Spreading my name
On my tail behind me
CONTENT WITH LITTLE THINGS.”

BROTHER GRAY OWL

Nobody knew how Brother Gray Owl got into heaven—but there he was—and he sat by the throne at the feet of God; and the little bells jingled.

In the Garden the Anemones said he had been there longer than Pine Tree. The White Swallow recalled that Brother Gray Owl came again in the third year after God had brought Little Crooked Gray Boulder to the Garden. There were those who supposed he sat on the top of the world next star to Little Crooked Gray Boulder's home.

They all knew he fluffed up his feathers in a nice way when God sat down on the throne. It was very apparent that there was understanding between God and the little Gray Owl. Sometimes when God discoursed to Saint John and Saint Peter and Saint Paul, Brother Gray Owl would perch on his knee. At such times it was to be observed that he was looked at quizzically by Saint John's Eagle, who always perched on Saint John's shoulder, while God discoursed.

And the Little Demure Violet, who bloomed by God's chair that was His throne, would watch Brother Gray Owl and Saint John's Eagle. She had intuitive feelings that deep knowledge was with Brother Gray Owl

because she knew, being near the throne, that sometimes in the night he was sent by God on a long journey.

And just before he soared away Brother Gray Owl would say, "To Who! To Who!" And the Demure Little Violet would catch her breath in wonderment and wait. But Drowsiness, coming by with his cap on, always put her sleepy gown on before Brother Gray Owl was come back in the morning. Then when she was come to waking up, she would flutter all her violet ruffles with self-annoyance because she had not yet learned "To Who! To Who!" he went.

Every one knew that as a matter of fact when he came back from these long journeyings there was always a song in Brother Gray Owl's heart. This was the causing of his breast feathers to become warm. Also that glad feeling inside was what made them this fluffiness and warmness a comforting so fluffy. Little shy things found in all

There were many sharers in this knowledge. Chief among those who knew it best was Rover Rabbit, who always bobbed his ears up to a noon angle whenever there was a doubt about the true existence of this comforting feeling. Of course, no one ever doubted but the newcomers; and that only because they had not come to understanding.

At such times Rover Rabbit was chief among explainers. None could do it better, and punctuate their utterances in such a nice way as he did with his ears; and moreover, he well knew what he was talking about.

The two Little Bow-legged Pine Trees said that knowledge was come to Rover Rabbit in this wise:

One night, instead of running down the path to Saint Francis, he had stayed over long in the white clover field where the angels were making snowflakes. When he arrived at the Garden's end in graylight time his nose was cold. And Saint Francis was not there—a little hour being past since he had embarked on a comet's tail for a neighbor star world with his arms full of lambs that he was taking to play in a field there with children new-come from earth.

Rabbit was disconsolate at his not finding the good saint. Little feelings of disappointment perched on his ears because he had not been there to go to that new field. All this was the direct cause of his nose becoming no warmer. Having come to this estate he thought that he would tell his feelings to Brother Gray Owl, who usually wore his ear bells at that hour that he might be found quickly.

He was perched on a bump of moss at the other end of the Garden. There Rabbit told him all about it. While nestling near the glad heart he felt his nose growing warm and he listened to the tinkles of Brother Gray Owl's ear bells—a nice sound like little cow bells in a field of clover. Upon which thought Rabbit shortly went to sleep and his dream was of three nice little green leaves in bunches. His nose quivered with fragrance of clover blossoms. So Gray Owl perceiving by the pleasantness of his dreaming face that his nose was warm, left the little rover to his clover resting. And the Hollyhocks who stay awake at night heard the tinkling of the earbells as he sailed away in the darkness to the other side of the Garden.

Later, in the hour nearest to the first after middle night time, the White Swallow passed the Hollyhocks so wide awake there in the Garden. In his passing he observed their meditations. Then he paused the third of a moment to say:

“It is written in the Book, also the Dove who brought the Olive Branch back to Noah, has told me that Brother Gray Owl in olden time was called Minerva's Owl—and was to be seen sometimes perched on the shoulder of the tall fair ladye when she walked in those Elysian fields.”

THE WORDS.

Little Words that wear silk dresses
And go to tea-parties:
“How darling!” “How perfectly dear!”
“You really did? . . . Marvelous!”
When they came away
They take off their little silk mittens
And fold up their polk-bonnets.
Then they are pansies and violets.
And some carry fragrance
Of mignonette in their pockets.

Out in the world are their cousins.

Tall Words that rise up like towers.
Slender Words ticking the hours.
Feather Words that mount seeds
In the flower pods.
Weather Words that count beads
On the hour rods.
Merry Words that muse.
Tarry Words that lose.
Cloudy words that send a rain.
Roudy Words that tend a pain.
Linnet Words that seek a rare clime.
Minute Words that keep a fair time.
Morning Words that comb the hair high.
Adorning Words that roam the air nigh.
Wing Words that sing the little loves.
Spring Words that bring the little doves.

Mother Words that string the lyre.
Brother Words that bring the fire.
Willow Words that bind the nest.

Pillow Words that find a rest.
Long Words that bird the sleep.
Song Words that herd the sheep.
And when the fair "Good Night" is said
Some Words climb the stair
And rhyme in turn to bed.
The rest return
Along the Road of Arden
Back into the garden.

A page from The Booke of Words.

DUMB WORDS

There are flowers that bloom
With velvet petal wings quivering
Around the border of Evening's gown.

These are the dumb words
That a woman holds in her heart
And cannot speak.

With the gathering of days
And the passing of years,
Their wings have grown
From vivid white to gray's dullness;
Yet they flutter in the twilight
And their strength
Is not quite gone out.

TREES REVERENT

The Trees said,
"We will be reverent."
The Host of Flowers
Bowed their heads,
"We will be reverent
Of the Year's little silences."
Only Man forgot
And the sight of Beauty
Grew dim with old tears;
Remembering the years
And God's dream of Man
As He made him
With eyes to see
And soul to understand
The symphonies and beauty
That walks beside him
All his days
 And is a sword
 And a sun
 To his soul's journeying.

BEAUTY AND MAN'S SCARLET DESIRE

When there is battle
In the soul of man
And flash of fire
Between the sword of Beauty
And Man's Scarlet Desire,
And Beauty triumphs—

Then from the soul of Man
Ascends a mist of incense of white fire.
That kindles a tongue of flame
In the waiting hands
Of the Lilies' Vestal Maiden, Hope,
Who puts it on an old altar
In the temple hall of high heaven.

Many of these fires are gone out to-day,
"That is my reaping,"
Proudly boasts Man's Scarlet Desire,
Who would thrust open, with a spear,
The doors of all the rooms
Of a man's soul
That, he, Desire, might have control
And quench the fire in the sun.

When, as oftentimes, Man's Scarlet Desire
Walks with Triumph through these halls,
There come after them flitting shadows
That are like mice in the attic.
And Grave Fears go about
Pulling down the curtains to the windows
Until Man's Soul is a dim place
With a weighted veiling of Time's lace
That Heaven calls care.

SAINT CLAIRE'S VIOLET HOOD AND THE SWALLOWS.

"Saint Claire has no hood," said the Violet Buds in God's Garden.

"But it is not yet come—our blooming-time," answered the other Violets.

"But God wants her to bring home the Swallows to-morrow," said the Two Little Pine Trees that were bow-legged because they didn't want to grow away from their friend, the Little Crooked Gray Boulder.

"And her hair will get dew-damp," remarked the Wolf of Saint Francis, who liked to be near the Violet People. And he rubbed his nose with his paw for emphasis of what he had said.

"Let us make her a hood of buds," said the Most Little Violet among all the Violets who dwell in God's Garden.

And the thought was become a little white joy wind to their faces, while all said with deep breathing, "And our purples will cover this hood for Saint Claire with little silk nobs like unto the gray velvet bumps on Pussy Willow sticks by which Saint Francis doth keep count of his Rabbits and Lambs."

So Saint Claire brought the Swallows home; and some of the weary brown ones she carried in her violet hood.

To-day we see them betimes with sheen
of violet. These are the great, great grand-
children of Swallows, who became tired when
Saint Claire wore her purple hood. They
are kindred to Violet Buds and carry under
their wings to another country the wish of
Violet People for little children to keep a
pearl bowl of joy in a purple box under their
pillow to fringe their eyelashes with when
they wake up in the morning.

KNOW JOY

Know Joy!

That is come from the tallness of trees
And the little flowers that grow hidden.

Know Joy!

That is come from the stillness
When your heart wants to listen

Know Joy!

That is come from work
When one is weary
And work must be done.

HOW THE BROTHER OF THE FOR-GET-
ME-NOTS WAS ATTIREN FOR HIS
LONG JOURNEYINGS ALONG
THE VARYING ROADS OF
MEMORY.

One day the Great Ones were met together with the Little Ones on the hillside. In their midst sat the Baby Brother of all the Forget-me-nots. Slightly tall little North Winds peeked over the cliff at this gathering. And their cool breathing was a remainder to those in the circle of why they had been called together.

"We will bring the linen for his undergarments," timidly offered the youngest of the White Morning Glory Sisters, who stood with their arms around the little Clover people. She spoke for them all.

"And I will knit him silk and wool stockings of summer moongleams on still water pools and winter wool of mullein leaves," said the Grandmother of the Larkspurs with grave noddings from where she sat on a gray rock cushioned thin with lichens. She

did not look up as she spoke for she was finishing the toe of the West Wind's stocking that she had brought to the meeting.

"We will make sandals of our feathers," said the Wings of the Morning, who were High People and loved the quiet ways of humble folk like the Grandmother of the Larkspurs.

And yet the circle grew. The Aunts of the Seven Colors of the Rainbow were there to speak for the Day just passed, who, before she became Yesterday, had gathered up in her hands the last rays of the Sun when he went over the hill to meet To-morrow in Japan. And she had left these in a little basket at the foot of their bridge, for the weaving of his suit. And Rain with the help of the Sun's Daughters, Susan and Jane, would weave it with song shuttles from these singing to-gether, over the railing of their bridge.

The West Wind coming near said, "I will give him a music box to keep the Rainbow songs in for the building of bridges over the rivers that cross Memory's highways."

And Faith, who had all the time been looking on, said, "I will give him a little candle

in his heart's room because sometimes there are dark turnings along the road of Memory."

"And I will put a singing feather in his cap," said Laughter, who was an aureoled Ladye with a musicale rustle in her green taffeta gown.

"I will make him a little gray mantle," said the Twilight, "and I will line it with the white swansdown of children's dreams."

"I will give him a staff," said the tall Pine Tree, "with a crook in its handle that he may hook a star and swing to Sleepyland when he grows tired."

"And I will wake him up in the morning," said the Song Sparrow, who was always first to take his bath in the brook in God's Garden at the rustle of Dawn's wings when she peeped over the garden wall in the morning.

In the time of the ceremonies when these clothes were being put on by the Great Ones, Song Sparrow stood near by with his head a little to one side. His thoughts were all to the thinking of how some day very soon he would be taking this Baby Brother of All the For-get-me-nots hopping from star to

star. That was the proper thing to do after one's bath in the morning. And one could always find one's way back home again for the Morning Prayers sang all together on the garden wall and one could hear them everywhere.

LAST NIGHT

The Wind wore her hair
In two long dark braids
Last night.

They were more dark
Than the petals
Of the purplest pansies.

She wore little stars intertwining
As though she had braided them in
While thinking of you,
Last night.

THE NEW LITTLE BOY

To a mute house,
Not different from many other houses
That have geraniums in their windows,
There had come in this graylight time
A tall veiled person,
Whom none among those waiting there saw.
And he went out from the room.
Only then they knew he had come and gone
For the bed of the little visitor
Was become very still.
So was this house become dumb;
One of many such in the land.

Alone the little visitor saw,
When they were well upon their way,
The face of the tall one,
Who had come for him.
It was exceedingly fair.
And being wrapped in his mantle was like
Being in bed with Mother in the morning.
And tho' he was a tall person
With far-seeing eyes,
While close to his shoulder one could hear
Song and laughter of children in his hair.
And he had a way of holding one
Like Mother's arms,
While they went quickly and quietly
Along the pathway of the stars

Where a comet passed them by
And they saw the burning of a star.
Soon after, they met the Evening Prayers
Out for a walk.
And a little farther on
They came to a gate
Whereat the tall person knocked
With a lily staff.
And the gate opened and was become
A starry mistiness.

Only two stood where there had been a gate
And the meeting of their sapphire wings
Made an arch to go under.
Their names were in their hands holding.
One was a flower enfolding
All the Year's hopes of TO-MORROW.
There danced on her gown the shimmering
Of river birch trees in new-leaf time.

Her sister of the sapphire wings
Wore little ivory slippers.
Her gown of the soft haze of autumn
Was girdled in with jade.
Her hands holding was the gift of Memory,
An alabaster jewel box,
With her name on it
"YESTERDAY."

And their sapphire wings were meet
An arch to the gateway of the Garden.

As the little boy came in,
The eyes of Yesterday and To-morrow
Met in a smile.

“All things pass between,”
Sang the Fountain.
“After awhile, after awhile,”
Sang the Mosses in the Garden.

He didn't know
What the Mosses meant,
Tho' the words were the same
That Grandma had said
When he wanted to run
Like the other boys.
And then he had so
Wished to know
What “after awhile” meant;
But now he didn't stop to find out
Because he just felt
For sure he could run.

And the little boy slipped down
From the arms of him
Who had brought him.
And they who watch there
Saw the New Little Boy
Running up and down in the Garden,
Following after the brown Swallow birds,
Who flew ahead, calling him to come on.
And he thought they never could guess
He had had infantile paralysis.

But he never did guess all the things
Of their knowing.
For their coming and going
Was Sorrow's measuring of her treasuring;
In gratitude of their gathering
Her every caress
Had been the feathering
Of their wings.

All his first hour was so spent
Just in running.
It felt so good
To lift one's feet up separately
And put them down in a quick way ,
Long steps apart.
And so he came to where
Were Saint John and his Eagle,
Who showed him how to make a new kite
That had a string on it
Just like the pretty green kind
That Mother took off packages
When she unwrapped them.
Then she would wind it
On her pretty fingers
And put it carefully away in the drawer
That, in some way, Saint John knew about.

He felt that was certainly the place
From where was brought to the Garden
All the green string for the kites ;

And that it was well his mother
Had saved it
When she unwrapped packages.

So were his thoughts
While he was kite-flying with Saint John.

By and by
Saint Mark, who had been
Transcribing Holy Scriptures,
Laid by his pen
And patted his lion on the head,
Saying that he would return shortly;
But that now
He must needs be upon his way
To play marbles
With the New Little Boy.

And after three o'clock,
God, going by for a walk with Saint Paul,
Saw the New Little Boy
And talked with him
About the game of marbles
And showed him where were
The large building blocks,
Made from the Tower of Babel
And the Walls of Jericho,
With which little boys build castles
For their mothers;
And all their glad thoughts
Are windows there,

And every prayer
Is a flower in the Garden.
This is not a castle in the air,
Nor high on a rock cleft,
But a thought left
A comforting for mothers,
Who are bereft.

So the New Little Boy
Walked in the Garden with God.

And listened and talked
And liked the many little things;
The words that had wings,
The river that brings
White sail boats
Round a bend in the garden,
Where a brook sings
A running song
About jumping over rocks
All day long.

And he was glad
That he could run.
So, thinking, on he ran
Past where was a cave in the Garden
And on through the rows and rows
Of Foxgloves and Hollyhocks and Larkspurs
To where was a hillside Garden.

And there were people walking about
Whose names he had heard Grandfather read
Out of the Holy Booke:

Enoch, Ephraim, and Isaiah,
Joseph, Hosea, and Hezekiah,
Moses with his burning bush
That was a conference of Scarlet Larkspurs,
Miriam with Pharoah's daughter,
Rebecca and Isaac and Boaz,
Noah with the Olive Branch Dove,
Esther, Hagar, and Ishmael,
Matthew, Luke, and Timothy,
Jeremiah, Lazarus, and Martha,
Abraham and Nicodemus,
Mary, Ruth, and Dorcas,
Also David and Jonathan.
Some talked with one another
And some only listened,
And some were making songs
And some were saying their prayers
With the flowers,

And some were building
Little cities and tall big towers.
Some were herding God's little gold bees.
Others, sitting near these,
Were weaving the days of their life
Into a mantle and gowning
For the children of their children.
And Beatrice smiled
When the New Little Boy asked Dante
Which was the way to Daniel
That had a menagerie.

So they accompanied him.

He returned another way
With the Elder Brother of the River Nile,
Who was a tall person
Wearing a turquoise head-band
With two hawk wings
Of finest silver.

From the well by Nazareth town
That was come to the Garden
With other things,
The New Little Boy
Went with Jesus' Lamb another way.

As they passed,
The sight of Those Who Watch
Was a little dimmed
With old tears
And the tenderness of waiting years,
For all the Taller Ones there
In the Garden, well knew
Where the Lamb's Shepherd
And the Shepherd of all Lambs
Walked daily on earth in Gethsemane

There with strong men of anguished hearts
But the Lamb knew another thing.
He tried to tell the New Little Boy
In his lamb way
That once every day
His Master returned, a child, to the Garden.

So they went on another way
That led by a winding path
Through various little hedges
That were of lilac much taller
Than one's head,
Just like in Mother's garden.
And this, he thought,
Was the nicest place of all
Because the air had such a nice feeling—

All full of breathing of mother thoughts.
And about in various chairs and on the grass
Sat the Mothers
Who had never had any children at all
But the longing.
And God opened wide the gates of the garden.
Here they made hoods for children's dreams
Knowing them to be real things—a remembering of
Where they have come from;
And they weave into their garments again
The thoughts of the garden.

And they make also the gowns for the
Hymns.
And with feathers from the wings of Dream
They make children's caps,
Such an one the New Little Boy
Was given to wear on his entering.

When he asked where was Jesus' Mother,
They looked at one another understandingly;
For all the Garden knew
Mary yet walked Calvary's path
In the lonely footsteps
Of weary Mothers,
Whose hearts have been sword-pierced.
And the Trees and Grasses talked low
Of those things
Known only to Mothers.

There was a waiting breath
In the Garden
And the Little Boy stood near,
Wondering what it was all about.
And the Lamb waited.
"I will make him a scarf
Of purple velvet pansies,"
Said one of those Sweet Mothers,
Who never had had any children.

So the New Little Boy
Joined the Symphony of the Violet Orchestra
Which plays in front of the fountain
When God wishes
To make a new river.

The Little Violet people
Looked up to the New Boy
And wished

That he were as small as they,
For in the Garden of God
Nobody wishes
To be as others are
Or for what others have;
But all, and each one
Of the legions there
Wishes another had what he has
Of joy of morning
And music of God's words
When He discourses to Saint John
With Brother Gray Owl on His knee.

After one new river was made
The angel Gabriel came by
And the New Little Boy
Thought he would follow him.
And the angel perceiving him
A little way off
Returned to meet him.
After they had gone on
A little way
The Angel Gabriel paused
And perched him on his shoulder.
They looked to the West,
Then turned to the East.

There they saw sitting
Near the Sun's fountain of quiet song
The Little Mother of the Ganges,

Who had come to God's Garden
From a cave high in the Hymalaya moun-
tains.

And yet she wore as then
Her snow mantle
Clasped with a lily flower.
And the Angel Gabriel
Beheld how every ruby in her necklace
Was with red fire glowing
Like a star world to itself
But with the tenderer glow
Of a Mother's heart
When her Man Son
Comes to the door.
But the Little Boy saw only in these
A string of blood drops
From his Mother's finger
Where the mending needle had pricked it.

Neither saw the slim radiant face
Of the Little Mother of the Ganges,
For that was bent above her work.

Quickly to and fro
Moved her moon hands
Winding brook songs
On God's spindle.
And her dark hair
Moved in the wind
Like bleating of lambs

On quiet evenings
When they are near their mothers.

The New Little Boy thought her hands
A little like his Aunt Catherine's hands
When she was darning his white stockings
That he wore on Sunday to church.
He wondered
If many other children in heaven
Had blue stripes
Around the tops of their stockings
That they wore on Sunday—
His mother had always kept his
In a particular place.
In the top dresser drawer.
And on nights
When he had been wakeful
He had seen her put them away again
With careful care
While she was combing her hair.

After graylight time
In dark velvet time
There were lit in the Garden
The Lamps, these are
God's Laws—
A light to the Garden
And to the heart of Man.
Then Saint Peter came strolling by.
Under his arm he carried his flute

With which he makes five-pointed stars.
He lifted the New Little Boy
To a high place on the Garden Wall
And there and then he explained
How to make them,
And the New Little Boy made
A piece of one.
Then he gladly tried again.
And the tender-eyed Mother of Child Jesus
Returned to the Garden again,
Stood watching, near to him,
While he played on Saint Peter's flute
A crooked little star
That went a crooked path,
Like going downstairs
Out into the sky.
But it stopped from bouncing
And came to rest
A little west
Of the mute house
Where he had died on yesterday.
He watched it
And his eyes danced
Like when he was brought in
From watching the children play.

He hoped his mother
Would look out the window that night
While she was combing her hair
And see his little star.

It was full of the twinkles
Of his new joy.
And he wanted to tell her

How happy he was
With thinking of her in the Garden
But he did not know, the Little Boy,
That God had told Saint Peter
To let him make a singing star
To tell her so.

Nightly it sings its lullaby
To the west of the little house
And the quiet Memories
That walk in the house
Hear it singing out there.

While all things pass
Between the sapphire wings
Of Yesterday and To-morrow.

THE PRAYER WIND

There was quiet in the garden,
Save for the music
From the harp of stars,
When to its playing
Came the Prayer Wind
Wearing rose petal slippers
And twining for-get-me-nots
In her hair.

There was quiet in the garden
While the Prayer Wind
Dropped her for-get-me-nots
From twining in her hair.
They fell to earth
With the low sweet notes
From the harp of stars.

They gently drifted down
And homes were gladder that day—
Nobody knew why, only
There were more blue-eyed children.

THE CANTATA OF THE STARS

This is a tale
Of the measureless years
Before the earth
That we now live on
Was come into being;
But God was very busy
With the other worlds.

Now in the beginning
Music was with God,
And Music dwelt
In the heart of God.
And all new things that He made,
And all things of His making
Were appointed a part;
So that while yet He was creating
Other worlds
The Stars held a cantata
In honor of this glory.

Their pathways lay far apart.
Their motion was to a symphony
God thought in His mind
One day, a little before.
And His thought became
Sound
To the height of space that was
And was not;
To the width of time
That was for all time—being Eternity.

So the stars moved on majestically
Their own pathways.

The Great Symphony
Was born that day.
All other Symphonies
Are whirls—little whirls;
Star eddies from these worlds
In their revolutions.

The Stars began their cantata
In a small way that day.

Two days passed
And word of the cantata
Came to Regulus of Leon
Through a comet
Who crossed his trail
“I’ll lay by my spear,”
Said Regulus of Leon.
And well he sang
And high his tenor wild.
The sky was purpled with force.
The night had been mild.
Now all colors leaped together—
There was white fire.
And several small stars
Left their own orbits
To follow Regulus of Leon.
And three new small worlds
Were hurled from one old star,

Who rushed madly off
Into space and darkness.

Then came a lyre
Of lavender stars—
It was God
Calling Regulus of Leon to halt.
He knew Regulus' love of the lyre.
So was his wild tenor
A little tamed.

Sheliak and Talitha,
Alioth and Altair—
All were singing there.
Theta of Orion sang
A rainbow song,
Garnet, white and lilac
All sparkling.
Aldebaron's base rang out
A red flash down the heavens.

Gaily Sirius rocked
As he sang
A far-white sparkle song.
Antares sang great red songs
That made sunsets on the clouds
For a hundred thousand miles.
Zeta of the Lyre had watched
God make an emerald
So she sang a green solo.

Spica sang blue out of violet
And Betelgeux took up the red.
Izar's Little Sister
Rode a sea-green horse
A-gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot
Adown the Milky Way
Until her brother's orange song
Called her back again
To her own orbit.
Leon Denebola's Little Sister
Sang a ruby song
And he listened
With his bluish mantle
Drawn close about him
As he smiled across the miles to her
In the way Big Brothers do.
And Rigel sent
Majestic waves of song
That rolled on the voids of space.

Arcturus and Capella
Sang threads
Of fire gold song
For the foundation lines
Of the loom of the universe
While the flute of God
Called the farthestest four to-gether,
East and West and North and South,
To begin their weaving
Of the web of time.

Nekkar and Tarazed and Mesartim
Were singing;
Altair and Mirzam and Almach,
Algorab and Alphirk and Mirfak.
And the heavens knew
All the colors that ever were.
Towers of blue flame rocked.
Showers of green flame traveled past.
Dots of white fire
Made a lyre of dim thunder
With a soft trembling.

The Pleiades played on their flutes
And marched throughout the Universe.
They sang to sleep the little moons.
And a long train
Of timid little white stars
Followed these Pleiades
Like a hundred flock of sheep.
The gentle songs they sang
Wove the belts of Saturn.

And God went walking daily;
There were not yet then seven days,
For Vega was rocking
Time in his cradle
With a blue mantle song.

"The Universe is so vast,"
Sang one great sun
As he whirled past.

God, going for His evening walk, heard
The song of his child fire bird
Of the vast.

And the flute of God breathed tenderly
A sweet and low far-going song,
Twas of the oneness of all things.
And the vastness
Beyond the farthest spaces
Was filled with the gentleness
Of God's flute song.

And everywhere and all wheres
The Brotherhood of the Stars
Caught up the refrain and sang on
Of UNITY.

And the vastness listening
Rose up in majesty;
Then in the Soul of Man,
Yet unclothed
For its earth journeying,
Was born the Ancient Yearning.

CANTATA OF THE STARS

EPILOGUE

The Cantata of the Stars
Lasted a trillion years,
And many new worlds were begun—
Among them, our earth.

Then it was a little white altar flame
In the high hall of Heaven,
Born of the thought of God
And the song of a star.

By day, the Pleiades
Were its Vestal Maidens;
And through the long night before dawn
It was shepherded
By the Great Elder Brothers,
Whose fires have now gone out.

GOD'S BEAUTY ENTHRONED

God's beauty
Is enthroned;
And all the beauty
Of a star
Is woven in a flower.
—A little flower.

THE MIRROR OF HELL.

At the end of an unusually successful day
The Master of the House
Had come in early from the club.
And as he was staying in to dinner
He felt no need for haste;
So drew his chair up to the fire
And fell to musing
On talk at the club.

His old college chum
Had been there with his son, Merton,
Only a year now out of college.
And they had fallen to talking
Of various things—
Of his brilliant prospects.
And in the course of conversation
Referred to various things
Aside from a man's business life.
And young Merton
In passing remark,
Referred to his latest conquest
And dismissed it,
Even as they two had done
A score of years before.
And the Master of the House
Fell to musing on the ease
With which a young man
Dismisses things from his life
—Just passing things.

The Mirror of Hell

.

He started up.
The mirror above the mantle
Seemed nearer.
He reviewed the fact
That it had been placed
To lend distance to the room.
Now distance
Came to meet him from it
And a strange country
That he had never glimpsed before,
Tho' he had been a great traveler.
The room was no longer around him.
And he found himself a traveler
In this different country
Where was so little definiteness
And so vast a vagueness.

At first he was aware
Of no one else but himself.
As time passed and his footsteps
Wandered on,
For he had no inclination to pause
In this vast plain of grayness,
He began to feel the presence of other beings
Certainly not like himself,
Yet keeping ever near him.
At first he saw them only
As small walking gray clouds.

The Mirror of Hell

As his sight became keener
And a little accustomed to the grayness
He began to perceive
That he was not alone
And wondered
Who those other travelers were.

Tho' they seemed to him
A countless throng,
Yet he had only seen
A few wandering groups.
And there were times
When he saw nothing
But the stretch of grayness.

And some way he felt depressed
And would have been glad to talk
With someone
Of the numberless shadows.
But they flitted past him,
Seemingly not caring for his company.
And he wished for mountains
Or a hill

That would break
The dreary stretch of grayness,
But a voice came from the shuffling sands,
Weird he thought it.
And no rest
Nor encouragement it gave him on hearing
That this was a country of no hills

The Mirror of Hell

But one vast stretching plain
That was like a desert
With a field at its edge.

Being a new-comer
He was near the edge
And he walked to see the field—
Small indeed in comparison
With that vast stretch of plain.
He found the field was ripe to harvesting
But there was a little blight
On the talking wheat.

A little relieved
From the monotony of the plain
He paused to examine the heads of wheat
And was a little surprised
At finding not one perfect head;
Each seemingly affected
By those around it.
But there was a little rustle
In the wheat
Like when the wind passes over
In early August.
And he heard
A multitudinous whispering.
“We are the field of thy conscience.”

Then the sight of the man
Became more clear

The Mirror of Hell

And he listened
While the wheat field
Sang on of the Passing,
Of the Passing of Things.

Everywhere he walked he heard them,
While to and fro passed the Wanderers
Whose presence he had
But dimly been feeling.
And lifting up his eyes he saw again
The vast stretching of the plain
And all around him
A weariness
That came in upon his loneliness,
Causing him to feel more depressed.

And he was gloomily impressed
By all these wanderers.
At last
Finding no path
But that which led him back
Upon the old paths again,
He asked a passing shadow
Where was the king of this dominion,
And the shadow followed after him.
While a gray bird
From the borderland replied,
"He could not bear up under the loneliness,

The Mirror of Hell

So he went out to invite visitors
To come to his realm;
But he never returns
To find out how they fare
Where all things are lone
And the voice of the land
A wind moan,
An uprising from the sand
And under the wing
Of all shadow birds."

And the man listened again
And heard this moan
That rode on the wind
And was not as a thing crying out
For its own pain
But as the crying
Of one who sees
A Beloved One to be suffering.

In time the sound smote upon him
Until he felt
That it would be comforting
To bury oneself
There in this sand—
At least it would shut out the loneliness
And the gray waste of weariness
That was like an aching void
In some one's heart.

The Mirror of Hell

But on investigation
He found that there was not enough sand
To cover one up.
And low everywhere was
The cry on the wind
Until he felt that he
Could bear it no longer
And so, came to face his own,
Alone! ALONE!

They came by him
And near unto him
Until he asked at last
Who they were
That they should seek him out.
And some there were
Who looked into his eyes
And answered very gently,
“We are the things of thy life
That thou hast led to Hell,
For we go where thou goest
And we came in with thee.”

And he saw there before him—
His Faiths and Hopes,
His Desires and his Successes,
His Conquests, Moods and Vanities,
His Fears and Little Failures,
His Honesties and Prides
And his Morning Thoughts,

The Mirror of Hell

His Freedoms and his Midnight Reveries,
Those veiled sadnesses
That haunt the caverns of the mind,
And all the velvet-footed Wanderers
From his heart's room of Oblivion.

Here Forgetfulness walked before them
Bringing all the little things
In her train

And in the wake of their footsteps came
The haunted shoes of the Crippled Souls,
And the hovering sound of groping wings—
Sad lonely birds—
All the Forgotten Things
That whir about her head.
These—he thought them dead.

Back early in his life
"Give me thy heart," the Morning had said.
"Give me thy soul," called the Twilight.
The man had heard both,
But he had listened with his two ears
And turning, had followed after
A phantom of gay laughter
Passing with the wind.

Noon, looking down, had sent
A bell call to his heart.
And mentioning the matter next day
He had remarked, "It will pass."

The Mirror of Hell

Now he beheld the passing
That was a pressing dumbness
On the high chest of him.

Nowhere among them
Did he see the Family Honor,
Yet wearing her graceful robes
Before the inhabitants of his world;
But here a little aside from the path
He beheld a low mound
Where she had been
Long entombed in Hell .

And there passed
The Bright Promises of his Youth
On their weary pilgrimage
To Mecca.

By the wayside
The Little Varieties of his Life
Were letting the sand
Fall through their fingers;
Looking,
Always looking for something—
And many things followed after them
Saying,
“We buy with a little gay laughter
Long moments of a man’s future peace.”
And the Hill Winds of his soul
Went shuffling in the sands.

The Mirror of Hell

And the Wish of his Heart was there
In poverty he saw her;
For that which made him to desire her
She no longer was—
Only a Phantom.

His Affectations were a various group,
Clapping their hands
And brushing the sand from their feet.
Their constant presence annoyed him—
And everywhere his Little Vanities,
Clothed in poverty,
And all the words
That they had been praised with
Were there—looking wide-eyed
At one another.

And his Charity passed him by,
Wearing her vanity scarf
And her plume of pride
Drooped in a graceful manner;
But her feet were bare
And she found the sands painful.

All his Uprightnesses were there—
Some were humped-back,
And one had a crooked shoulder.

His Little Honesties marched by
With necklaces of Pride's beads.

The Mirror of Hell

She always bestowed them frequently
For he was a very honest man.
But the Little Honesties paused frequently
Because they had no sandals to wear;
And they forgot the measure
Of the comforting beads
Pride had given them,
Which beads their Master on earth
So cherished.

They did not recognize him here,
For they had not been intimate
With his soul.

Among the others passing,
Heedlessness went by
And there was crying
In her mantle
Of little hurt things—
Grief in their loneliness
Of the things he had not had time for.

And whichever way he turned,
He met the empty stretching hands
Of his Mother's Desire for him.

And there were dim longings
That were a gentle moan on the wind.

Also, among the countless legions marching,
There were many little beautiful things;

The Mirror of Hell

But he was looking
For the Great Things of his life
And did not see
These little commonplace things
That his thoughtfulness
Had made beautiful.
They were so small
That his own eyes perceived them not.
Only Faith's pained face
Had a gentle sadness
For that this man
Had come to blindness
Of the beauty of little things;

And the sands sang on,
"These little things
Are what make a man's life,
Great Things
Are lost in them."

But yet he sought
For the one Great Good Thing of his life.
And everywhere there were only sands—
Little grains of sand.

And Pity's birds were there
—All voiceless,
With wing flutters
That were like a chained wind

The Mirror of Hell

Where the Work of His Life
Sat sobbing alone
And empty the loom before her.

With all his force he strove
To push the mirror away from him
And was startled—
The mirror had broken.
He had trembled at the crash,
Shuddered a little
And dropped his head.

Ten minutes later
Someone bringing in
The evening newspaper
Noticed his head bowed,
And stepping softly,
Laid the paper by,
Saying, "He is asleep."

But the night wind passing
Breathed, "He is dead."

And that night, within an hour
He was become not in a dream
But in the very truth of things,
A lonely wanderer on the fields of Hell.
It was dusk on the air-sea of Memory
And many little waves of the past
Flowed 'round him
And were become one—

The Mirror of Hell

A tidal wave on the shores
Of his heart's country.

And dumb he walked with a void aching
And everywhere the wandering sadness
Of things who had lost their way—
With the drawn sigh from the sands
That shifting moved
And uncovered other voices
Of little things
To him a remembering
Of some things
He would he could forget.

These came early to meet him, saying,
"We are thy mind's weariness,
We are thy soul's dreariness.
We, the Children of Thy Scarlet Desire."
And they never left him alone
Nor was he without the consciousness
Of their companionship,
Whose greeting was to him
But an old fear become certain
As they came to walk beside him,
These, the Children of his Scarlet Desire.
Here they had not the flame of his fire
And none wore the mantle of red.

The poverty of their raiment
Was the dullness of its grayness
That ever was a hurting to the eyes

The Mirror of Hell

Frequently he dropped his own
Because he dared not yet look into theirs.
So they went on to-gether.

And there was, in passing,
A crying on the wind
Like a lost thing that is become blind
And cannot find its way alone.

While about and above
Was only the endless
Non-silvered and unvelvete^d gray—
Cold with the coldness of dead stars
As had been his heart
Those latter years.

And near him, many Joys
Walked with dim seeing
For the way of their going
To lonely hearts
Had been swept away by him
After this manner:
All the things he had meant to do
While waiting
Had brushed back and forth
Restlessly with their little brooms
Until the Waypaths were become covered
And the joys could not find
Where to walk.

The Mirror of Hell

Only shadow birds of loneliness
Flew over where had been
The pathways of Joy.

And following after the dim Joys
His Freedoms walked here chained,
With faces like drawn sheets
From the pain in their ankles.

Not far off the Fears
Marched in a circle
And ever they were lonely
For they are shadow people,
Even to one another,
Caught by the wind,
And whirled a little way
And brought back again
To shepherd the soul of him
Whose fears they have been on earth.

And this man could not get away
From the sound of his Freedoms
Incessantly clapping their hollow hands
To forget the pain in their ankles.

And the Ways walked
With lagging footsteps
And despite their blindness
They ever kept near him.

The Mirror of Hell

But here they followed,
There they had led—
They, who were
All the various Ways
In which he had sought
To satisfy his restlessness —

Not knowing nor ever glimpsing
This to be that ancient yearning
Born in man's heart
When God began
The Symphony of the Universe.

The stars travel on their way,
Man is a little restless;
The Symphony plays on
Only he does not hear its andante.

And this man meeting
The things of his life there
On the gray plains of Hell

Beheld the Hours of His Nights
More than other things, drearily alone
For these are not allowed
Even thoughts for company;

None but the shadow legions of fears
That rise up and chant
The marshal song of years—

The Mirror of Hell

That was what struck courage
From his heart.
Then it was he deeply longed
For sympathy—
Felt that it would lessen
His own void feeling
If he could see others feeling likewise,

At least they would be
Brothers in Hell.

At this time the shadow bird
From Hell's borderland
Passing, said,
"Not one looks upon
The face of another
In the lone place of Hell.

He has only the things
Of his own life for company;
The lonely Hopes that waited
On his soul's altar fire
When he dwelt
On the earth planet yonder.

And their suffering in hell
Is more keen than his own;
Subservient to his desire on earth
They are enfolded in his suffering in Hell.

The Mirror of Hell

And so it is with the little Faiths
Whose cold moans rise
Like ethereal smoke,
But dust of the slain,
To the feet of God's throne
And lessen the joy of the Violets
That grow in the Garden;
For what hath gone
Out from the Garden
Always yet is a part
Of the host of the garden,
Tho' it walk
In the grayness of Hell."

The Days of his life went by
But they ever turned in their marching
And came again to meet him.

And there were Old Sins
That were the deathing of Little Hopes.
These lay like rows and rows of mile posts.
And his Peace of Mind
Walked in dire poverty.

Also the Soul of his Honesty
Walked near him, yet unseen.
With steady step
And sad eyes
He followed the steps

The Mirror of Hell

Of this honest man in Hell,
Who had been honest with men;
But who had put off until another day
To face with Honesty his Soul
And little Faiths
And the Years kept Waiting.

And his Mother's Peace walked there
In majesty,
But the wistfulness of her face
Was one of Sorrow's keenest arrows.

And all the Words
That he had ever said
Were there,
A sad gray marching host,
And some of strong determination
Drew the wan-faced ones
Toward the Dream of his Desire
Where she sat in a great chair
Blind, twirling her fingers

And all the Little Things of his life
He saw them differently.
Their little disguises
No longer they wore;
But there was
A haunting in their eyes
And all reminded him

The Mirror of Hell

Of things he would he could forget.
These latter were
A numberless army disorganized.
And not up to their shoulders standing
Were many good things of his life,
Lost in this numberless crowd.

Here and there,
Sauntered the Little Silences
When his heart had sometimes kept still.

They carried a gentleness
In their mantles
Because they knew,
What he knew not,
Of the strength that is born
When a man listens
To the silences of his heart.

They would have gone on,
But their way
Was by the road of his going.

As he walks he is not aware
How tall they rise
Nor how well they bear their sorrow
For they have forgotten it—

But there is a brooding in the air,
The weighted feeling of care.

The Mirror of Hell

They bear the burden
Of his suffering;
They know his loneliness
And the emptiness
Of his heart's room.

THERE IS NO HATE IN HELL

And few cry out
For their own suffering
But for the loneliness of him
Who has gone far
From the road of his destiny—
Who has brought to ashes, fine volcanic
ashes,
The high white song flame
That was for a torch given
To light his own pathway
And that of those who come after;
But, being brought to ashes,
Is become a blinding dust
In the eyes of those who come after.

A little way off,
Yet never before his eyes,
Walked the tall fair vielèd one—
His Soul's Guardian,
Whose steps he had drawn to Hell
In his own going.
At the gates she was veiled
With seven fold veiling.

The Mirror of Hell

And this was not the first
For he had veiled her three fold
Early in his days.

From his sight
He had first veiled her face
When by choice he went to meet
Those who afterwards became
The velvet footed Wanderers
In his heart's room of Oblivion.

So he began her exile—
The tall fair vielèd one,
His Soul's Guardian;
She of the radiant face,
Who walks with majesty
And fourfold grace;
Whose heart's garden
Is the resting place
Of man's restlessness,
Where all his little fears
And ancient yearnings
Are interwoven
In the loom of years.

And it is sometimes given
That a man may see
This heart garden
Of his Soul's fair Guardian
In the eyes of his wife,

The Mirror of Hell

And the waves of his restlessness
Come to their shoring
In the arms of his wife;

For the mantle
Of his Soul's Fair Guardian
With the majesty of its bearing
Falls on the Wife's Shoulders,
When she has come to wearing it.
This may be.

It is the desire
Of the Keeper of the White Fire,
Upon whose face
Neither man nor woman has ever looked,
It being only known to the stately lilies
Who veil his altar screen,
Back of which the Elder Brothers of the
Pleiades
Make white wings for man's desire;
Which he tramples into dust
That whirls aloft.
And in its eddying
Makes blind his eyes
To all hills and planes
But the gray plains of Hell
That are become for him a haunted desert
And a waste of weariness
Where monotonous echoes have wings
And are always beside one.

The Mirror of Hell

As this man wandered
With the years and the days
And the things of his life
On these gray plains of Hell
There was no one to tell him,
And no one ever would,
Of the things that grow
In God's Garden—
Among them the fairest being
The White Iris and Lilies
And the little blue flowers
Of the Speedwell infinitesimal—
All born of the flame
Of a man's suffering
When his soul is come to faith
Through the grayness of Hell.

There is no fire in HELL—
Only a YEARNING.
That is the flame
That eats out the dross
Of man's desire
In his gray loneliness of soul
That is the living fire
That brings him back again
TO FAITH.

Faith waits with his blue-fire sword
Beside the gates of time;
Many of Sorrows fairest flowers
Bloom in his garden,
While he waits
By the outgoing gates of Hell
That are very near
The ingoing gates
Of God's Garden.

THE MIRROR OF HELL

EPILOGUE

There are two gates in a man's home,
And two gates in front of his door.
The key to the four
He holds every day.

Only with time he forgets some things
And the old ways of Beauty
That lead a man's soul to duty
With a sun in her heart
And a sword in her hand.

It is his forgetting
That makes heaven seem
So far away
From his home here.

It is his forgetting
That brings hell so near
And he opens and closes
The outgoing and incoming gates
At will,
Until
The gates become rusty on the hinges
And the things he would put behind him
Persist in going before
And lead
With different happy faces

And gay laughter
To the grayness of Hell
And the gates that have
The notes of a symphony
Painted on them.

Alone when he is in does he see
It's only andante, a weary moan
Of a smothered hope
Crying on the wind
For what it might have been
In Man's home.

For the beginning of things
And the ending of all things
Is Home—
Be it within four walls here,
Woman the keeper of its vigil fire;
Or be it a home in the heart of God's love
That is also here.

Having found these—
With the two to-gether
Kept fire-guarded
In her heart and his own—
Man loses the key to hell.

EVEN NOW.

Even of the present time,
Now,
If the swords of Time should speak—
They speak if we would but listen,
With quiet strength of spears they say,
“This being little at home
Is the deathing
Of many world hopes
And the snuffing out
Of many lights
On the altar of Beauty!”
“This being little at home
Makes a great difference in Heaven,”
Said the Demure Little Violet,
Who blooms by God’s throne.
“Daily to the gates there come
Many little hands knocking.
When Saint Peter says, ‘Who comes?’
They answer:
‘We are the Joys come back from earth
To the Garden—
There is no room for us
Because of their being
So little at home.’
And so Heaven is overcrowded
With these Children of Joy
And Peace of Mind;
For they have grown in number
As was God’s plan

With the growing in number of Man.
And now God has had to set apart
One whole field in Heaven
For the little Courages
That he had sent to earth
—These having returned also;
Not even having found perches,
Those latter being occupied
By man's desires
For accessories
And variety."

And every morning all these children
Of Courage, Joy, and Peace of Mind
Flock to the edge of the Garden
Where they peek over the wall at earth
To see if yet they are wanted there.
They wait with eagerness
To return."

"For they are the Little Loves
Of a Man's Soul."
Added the Demure Little Violet,
Whose sayings in Heaven
Were liked by the Dandelions
And were told by them
Wherever their seeds flew.
So the Author learned
From a Dandelion
Of the above attitude in Heaven
Towards this being little at home.

MEMORY'S BLUE FLOWER

“For I take with me this hour,” said Memory,
“The dream of Man’s heart—
That he, looking back into the past,
May find there a little blue flower.”

The End.

W 23





JAN 13 1989

